Purple Haze Feedback

bonus chapter

English Translation
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Thank You
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Everyone who encouraged me along the way with this translation and have looked forward to it. This wouldn't be possible without you guys!

Disclaimer
My Japanese is not perfect; there may be mistakes in this translation. If you notice any, feel free to DM me @melonesm4sk *on twitter so that I can correct it. Thank you!*

Pista di bonus, The Mourning

Trish offers flowers……

There are many here among us
Who feel that life is but a joke
But you and I, we've been through that
And this is not our fate
So let us not talk falsely now

- Bob Dylan (All Along the Watchtower)

Trish Una had a full view of the town and sea from the small hill she was standing on. A refreshing breeze was blowing.

"……."

She was standing in front of a grave. The headstone was fairly small, and included a respectable amount of humble decorations. There was another grave next to it, but it looked relatively simple and plain.

The two neighboring tombstones were each engraved with the name of the deceased.

One was Bruno Bucciarati. The other one held his father's name. The father's headstone was simple, as his son didn't have much money when it was built. There had been talk about his son giving him a more worthy grave someday, but he had died himself before he was able to. When he was buried, people brought up rebuilding his father's gravestone as well, but a friend of his father's fishing buddies asserted,

"Nah, he definitely wouldn't want that. He'd want to sleep peacefully in the grave as it was built by his son."

So it was left alone.

The calm atmosphere might make those who visited there feel at peace…but they couldn't imagine. The person resting here, Bruno Bucciarati, was a former leader of the secret society "Passione", and had been a key person in the dark network that laid the foundation for the organization that was now growing at a rapid pace. A very important person and whatnot.

Contrary to the bloodiness of his life, where many people had come close to killing him and where he had sometimes killed as well, his grave was simple, with no visible trace of pointless gaudiness or twisted vanity.

"……."

It was Trish's first time coming to this grave. She hadn't attended the burial. The boy with the curly blonde hair had prevented her from doing so, saying it was better if she didn't go.

Nevertheless, she had finally ended up coming today.

She had brought a single white flower, which she placed in front of the headstone. She had struggled with what to bring, and ultimately went with a tulip.

I thought about what I should do – and hey, your hairstyle resembled a tulip, so…. It's a lame joke, but I just felt like it…yeah.

She gave a small giggle.

She had come here today by chance, as there were things she had stopped in town to do. She was taking a shot at restarting her singing career after it had been interrupted by her mother's death, and was on her way home from one of her jobs appearing on the town's radio station. She was supposed to return to the company immediately, but had told her manager that she couldn't, and made time to visit the grave.

"It's harder than I expected, Bucciarati…. I'm busy with a lot of things now. It's different from when I was being chauffeured around by you guys doing as I was told," she muttered, before giving a sigh.

The days that had felt like a storm of restlessness, fear, and courage had long since passed. Nowadays she felt like it had all been some sort of dream. But it wasn't a dream, and Bucciarati was really resting underneath a gravestone.

That's right. He's really….

Closing her eyes and looking upward, she stood still in the silence until a timid voice sounded from behind her.

"Um – I'm just wondering…did you, by any chance…know Bruno?"

When she turned toward the voice, Trish saw a well-dressed woman standing there alone. Her face was pretty and practically void of wrinkles; she looked like she could still be considered a young lady, but her expression was somewhat somber.

“ _ ”

Trish gave a soft gasp, understanding as soon as she saw her. The resemblance was uncanny. There was no doubt that they were related.

“Are you…Bucciarati’s mother?”

The woman nodded in response as she bowed.

“Yes, I am. But I hardly had a chance to see him recently…. When I got the news, it was already time for the funeral. Did you also attend?”

“No, I –”

Trish shook her head. She didn’t care if she was accused of being a heartless girl. But his mother was looking at her.

“…By any chance, do you know – how he died? You were ‘there’ back ‘then’, weren’t you?” she said.

Her assumption was right on the mark. At a loss for words, Trish went silent.

She recalled the scene from back ‘then’.

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“H-Hey – Bucciarati…?”

Mista addressed him in a shaky voice, but the man lying on the pavement gave no response. Though his eyelids were open, his eyes no longer saw anything.

Bucciarati was clearly dead.

They were at the Roman Coliseum. It was where their last battle had taken place, where they had finally managed to defeat the enemy Diavolo after a vicious fight.

They could still hear some commotion nearby, the chaos that the battle had caused throughout the whole city still in the process of settling.

Only this area seemed to be cut off from the confusion, a strange silence falling….

“W-What the hell, Bucciarati – are you messing around? C’mon, that’s enough!”

Mista shook his body, but there was no response.

“Uh…”

Trish was stunned, seeing him in that state. She couldn’t believe it either. Bucciarati was supposed to still be safe, so why was he apparently dead here? And what else could this be besides right after death?

Just as she had that thought, an awful cracking sound echoed in the vicinity. It was the sound of bones crumbling in the body that Mista was shaking. He instinctively pulled back with a start, but even if the bones were broken the body couldn’t have said anything about it.

Finally, the third person among them, the boy holding the turtle to his chest, opened his mouth.

“That’s enough, Mista. He’s been dead for a long time. He isn’t coming back.”

The quiet voice resonated heavily around them.

“He’s not…?” Mista turned toward the boy, who nodded.

“You must have already realized it too – Bucciarati originally died back when we first ran into Diavolo. He had been working with a dead body up until now. Maybe it was because of this power, maybe his determination caused a miracle. I can’t say for certain, but – Bucciarati fought while knowing he couldn’t save himself, that it was too late. He can’t come back.”

Matter-of-fact, logical: these were words that left no room for any doubt.

“ _!”

Mista moved in a flash. Kicking the ground, he put distance between them, jumped into an opportune position – and held up his gun, aiming at his target.

Right in the middle of the boy’s forehead.

“_”

Even with the barrel of the gun directed at him, the boy appeared completely calm. He just stood there, without even letting go of the turtle he was holding in his hand.

"What the hell is this?" Mista asked the boy in a shaking voice.

Again, he just said quietly,

"You should realize it now, then. There's nothing to wonder about."

"Don't fuck with me!" Mista yelled, scowling at him. "Explain! Give me a damn good explanation!"

The boy didn't reply, however, simply staring back at Mista silently.

An increasingly intense aura simmered between them. The mood was hot like a flame and cold like water at the same time.

"U-uh….?"

Trish hadn't moved during all the hostility.

Somebody stop them, she thought, turning her gaze toward Bucciarati – but naturally, that body couldn't say anything anymore.

What are you doing? she called out to him in her head. *You're the one who brought us to this place. Why aren't you saying anything now that we're here?* she wanted to scream.

But his body stayed still as Mista continued pointing the barrel of his gun at the boy, ready to kill.

"You mean you knew everything this whole damn time? Encouraging Bucciarati, letting him betray the boss…"

The boy responded to Mista's trembling voice with a crystal-clear declaration:

"That's right."

The wrinkles in Mista's forehead were etched so deeply that they could have been carved.

"And you already know – I was the one leading, but this was what Bucciarati wanted and decided on his own. He hoped that someone would give him a push; I was only helping him. You know that Bucciarati wasn't the sort of man to let other people force him or to waver in his convictions."

The boy didn't falter at all. Mista's entire body was shaking and trembling, but – with a habit that was deeply instilled in him, his pistol didn't move an inch. No matter how shaken he was, he was a formidable gunman who always kept his aim.

"You…who the fuck do you think you are?!" Mista shouted.

Staring directly into the other's eyes, the boy said,

"I, Giorno Giovanna, have a dream."

That was his catchphrase, words that Mista had heard often during the course of the violent battle.

"Right now, you have two paths," he said, as if admonishing him. Then, suddenly, he asked, "Mista, you hate the number 'four' – right?"

"Yeah? What about it?"

At Mista's puzzled frown, the boy continued,

"Right now – if you shoot me, that will make me the fourth one. Would you be okay with that?"

The corner of Mista's mouth began to twitch. He understood what the boy was saying.

Their teammates – the ones who had been sacrificed.

Leone Abbacchio.

Narancia Ghirga.

Bruno Bucciarati.

Three of them were already dead. If Giorno was killed here, then that would indeed be the 'fourth sacrifice'.

"Th-that…that's…"

Mista broke out into a cold sweat, his back teeth beginning to chatter.

"That's – that's just a stretch, really…!" Mista forced himself to yell.

The boy nodded.

"You're absolutely right. You have your obsession, Mista, but it doesn't matter to me. You're the only one who will have a problem with it. It's up to you to decide."

"Uh…"

"Right now, you have two paths you can choose…. One is to take down the despicable person who caused your teammates' deaths, to settle everything so far. That in itself should be meaningful. In addition, you would end up freeing yourself from the uneasy life of this 'fourth' curse that you're bound by."

"……."

"And the other one – the path where you keep living with this obsession. This obsession of yours is important, and this way of thinking means that you won't pull the trigger at this very moment. If you choose the life where you continue to avoid the 'fourth' from now on, when you find yourself in that position, I won't hesitate to choose that 'fourth' in your place. That is one of my 'responsibilities'."

"What –"

Mista's throat made a strange gulping noise. He swallowed.

"What are you…going to do now?"

"You already know that, too."

For a moment Mista looked furious at the boy's words, holding his pistol at the ready again, and – he pulled the trigger.

A gunshot rang out.

.....!

Trish instinctively closed her eyes and covered her ears, crouching in place.

The echo of the gunshots faded into the vast space of the coliseum – everything was dead silent.

Trish nervously opened her eyes, and saw Mista's figure. Smoke was rising from the barrel of his gun. Following the direction in which it was pointing, smoke could also be seen rising up from the point of impact.

There were holes in the pavement – in front of this, the boy holding the turtle was standing. There were three holes; upon confirming this, the boy gave a calm smile.

"As I thought. You didn't fire four shots, did you?"

"Hmph. Don't look down on me. My obsession is a universal truth. And there's not a single guy who can change that. So – if there's a time when you give up being a member of Team Bucciarati, if you renounce being that 'fourth', then I'll be putting a bullet right in your brain, got it?"

Mista spun his pistol around in his hand and put it away.

Carrying the turtle under his arm, the boy slowly walked over and knelt down beside Bucciarati's body. Reaching out a hand, he gently stroked the pale face.

He addressed the corpse in a sincere whisper.

"Bucciarati – when we first met and you licked my cheek, you saw through my lie. But there won't be any more lies. I swear on your soul."

Mista was standing beside him. Right at that moment, in the middle of a troubled, dirty, crooked and archaic world, there was a brand-new glow: "Passione" was reborn.

"…"

The boy lifted his head to look at Trish, who was vacantly watching the spectacle, and said,

"This is as far as you go, Trish Una."

It was a declaration.

*

Even now, she remembered it clearly. It was engraved in her mind.

The image of Bucciarati motionless on the pavement back then.

But that wasn't exactly how he had died. They had just found out that he had already been dead for a long time. For her, Bucciarati was a lifesaver, representing the courage to forge one's destiny without hesitation, a light vigorously pursued in the darkness.

But he was dead now.

The road where she had relied on him, had come to him for support and followed close behind him – the truth was that it had been over from the very beginning. While she was being saved, he had already been affixed with a "purpose served" label and sent to the afterlife.

She wondered how she could explain that.

She wondered how she would be able to express it, how she would be able to inform his mother of her son's fate.

"I–"

Trish was at a loss for words when Bucciarati's mother gave a sigh and said,

"I wonder…if he resented me."

Although it seemed like a question, it almost had the sorrow of a soliloquy.

"When we got divorced, he chose to stay with his father and not me. Honestly, even now I'm a little bitter. I don't know why he always had to choose the hard way…. Who's to blame? Was I that awful…?"

She hung her head, her shoulders shaking. Even though Trish was nearly petrified of the painful feelings rising up from the bottom of her heart, she walked over to her and gently placed a hand on her back.

"He…didn't resent anyone. I'm sure of it," she said.

"But –"

"I had some serious problems with my real father, and I had him help me… That's when he said it. I told him I was worried about whether or not I would be able to like my father. He immediately told me with no hesitation, 'no parent and their child worry about such things'…. I'm sure that he didn't think badly of his parents at all."

Trish spoke in a steady tone that surprised even herself. Why was she saying it so arrogantly? Didn't she seem like the kind of person that other people considered a 'spoiled and selfish daughter', anyway? Bucciarati and the others who protected her were strange, and she wondered if in a way Fugo had been right in abandoning her. Sure, because one could say that it was also her fault that Abbacchio and Narancia died.

Even if he were such a person, how could she assert such a thing so proudly to a mother whose son had died?

I….

Deep down Trish was strangely conflicted. Bucciarati's mother lifted her head, and said with a bit of a curious expression,

"There's something…familiar about you…"

"Huh?"

"When I told him that we were getting a divorce, his eyes…they looked like that back then…. Why?" she asked.

Trish naturally had no way of knowing what things were like back then, but – why did she feel like she could picture young Bucciarati in her mind?

"That's just –"

Trish softly shook her head and said,

"I guess it's because I was acting like him. We're not the same, but I was thinking I wanted to be like him."

"Do you…think Bruno was happy?"

When his mother asked this, thinking about her son, Trish didn't have to feel conflicted.

"I'm sure that he had no regrets. I believe he died telling his friends his last wishes. But I…unfortunately didn't get to be a part of that circle." She gave a gloomy smile.

That was right. Bucciarati had no regrets, Mista and the others couldn't afford to look back, but only Trish's heart was left behind somewhere in that coliseum, living suspended in the air.

"You…."

Bucciarati's mother took a long look at Trish.

"What did you think of Bruno?"

She asked it bluntly, but Trish didn't hesitate.

"He was – an awful person," she answered immediately. "Even though he rescued me from hopelessness and wanted me to keep my will to live, in the end – I just got abandoned," she said with a wry smile.

His mother was silent for a moment, but then gave a similar smile.

"Was he, now? He was that kind of kid for me, too. He was really smart, and seemed like he could do anything. He even let me dream, choosing his father and not his mother – He ended up throwing me away. An awful child…"

"He really was, wasn't he…."

The two of them smiled just the same, trembled just the same, and their eyes welled up with tears just the same.

Giorno, you may have a dream. You may take everything, even sadness, and make it powerful. But I – we – can't live so frankly…

Trist looked up at the sky. The clouds passed overhead with considerable speed.

"That doesn't sound very good…"

As Trish murmured this, a gust of wind blew the white tulip she had placed in front of the headstone, sending it landing onto the fresh grass.

"The Mourning", closed

You'll probably scream n' cry
That your little world won't let go
But who in your measly little world are trying to
Prove that
You're made out of gold and -a can't be sold
- Jimi Hendrix (Are You Experienced)